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Red

[devil](#) [red](#) [satan](#)

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Chapter 1 by NoSpiderGirl

Red is not his favorite color. Stop thinking that just because *white* represents purity means **God** and angel's dress in white. Red doesn't represent anything. Just because most apples you see are red doesn't mean red represents apples. He does not wear red, isn't colored red, doesn't have a red tail or *pitchfork*. He doesn't even care for red.

I don't call him by the S, D, E, or L words. I call him *him*. Because he is himself. Yeah, go ahead and call Him God. That's what he goes by. You guys call him the Creator, the Maker, the Savior, the Beginning and the End.

But how can you believe things you haven't *seen*?

The guy above tells you that you just trust in him and eventually see the outcome. I know first-hand that not everyone has patience like that. Your mother dies when you're only five and now you deal with an evil stepmom, bullying, no real, nice, and happy mother, and a dad who only cares about work.

Well, my best friend in the world gives pain and shows the outcome real nice.

Hell,

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Chapter 2 by SaintSeyoka



You might be wondering, "Hey, Marsha, this seems like a rather unconventional topic for a middle school show and tell presentation." And Miss Simmons, I can see you shaking your head. You're probably thinking about pulling the plug on my little presentation early. Saving the minds of these kids. Saving my social status, whatever's left of it.

Well, if you do, let me just say that you'll never get to know the story of how me and Satan became pen pals. And I know that's something you want to hear. And I will never, *ever* tell it again if this presentation ends early - even to the school psychologist, whose number I can see you punching into your cell phone, *Miss Simmons*. What happened to no cell phones in class? Absolutely no respect these days.

Anyway, where was I? Oh, right. Hell. Snail mail. Eternal suffering. Let's begin.

Chapter 3 by Sylver Tarot



I've lived in this soul-sucking town since second grade, so I don't remember too much about my birth city. However, I can confirm that I was not cursed or corrupted in any way before my family and I booked it out of there. I never messed with the Ouija boards or tarot cards, I never cast any spells or sacrificed any virgins (though I have been asked about a goat once or twice), and otherwise have no reason or way to have possibly gotten in touch with this royal a-hole. I'm a girl who's been born and raised in the middle class and had just as much good in my life as all of you have, so the whole thing was just as much of a surprise to me as it is to you.

Do you all remember last year, when we were assigned to write letters to children in a school that we could've walked to and read the letter ourselves with the same speed, it was so close? Well, the person I was assigned to write with was the homosexual son of an extremely homophobic pastor - I already promised not to name him, so don't even ask - and he would write me stories instead of stuff about his actual life. He would tell me about angels and demons, romance and war between the sides and even with the bystanders stuck between - us humans! He was an amazing writer, and I thought "wow, this guy knows so much about this sort of stuff! I wonder where he got the ideas from!" So I asked him, and -

Actually wait, I have his letter somewhere. I'll show it to you. Aw it's all crumpled now! Whatever, let me just...

"Dear Marsha,

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This man..." - that's what he called his dad a lot - "...thinks that I'm writing to my 'girlfriend', so I'll try and make this as short as I can. I'm not..." - he wrote his name here, so I'll skip over that bit - "...in fact, even a human. I don't think I should tell you what I am quite yet, seeing as how we only began writing a week ago, but Marsha, you have captured my interests and have kept me (mostly) sane for my time here. In return, I will recommend to you an address for someone who I believe could really use a distraction from work at the moment. I would adore keeping in contact, but my job is almost through and there isn't any paper where I'm from except for stretched leather parchment, and I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want that in your mail box! It was charming getting to talk with such a human, and maybe we will speak again someday, but I have to go. Later!

"PS: don't use the words devil, Satan, Lucifer, or anything like that with him. He's got a really bad thing about name-calling."

Miss Simmons, I know you're the teacher and all, but maybe you should wait outside? I mean, I don't think all those questions about Satanism and how to exorcise a demon popping up on your screen can be very good for young, impressionable minds?

Anyway, the address the guy had given me was NOT "his," but it belonged to someone who WOULD know: a wrath demon, "his" most preferred breed.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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